going by her we didn't look at Mr. Duncan or at Wesley Marrs—we knew they were both taking it hard—but watched the "Withrow."

Over on the other tack we went, first the "Withrow," then the "Johnnie." We were nearing the finish line, and we were pretty well worked up. The awful squalls were swooping down and burying us. We could hear Hollis' voice and see his crew go up when he warned his men at the wheel to ease up on her when the squalls hit. On our vessel the skipper never waved an arm nor opened his mouth to Clancy. And of his own accord you may be sure that Clancy wasn't easing up. Not Tommy Clancy—no, sir!—he just drove her—let her have it full—lashed her like, with his teeth set and his eyes flashing through the sea that was swashing over him. The "Johnnie" was fairly sizzling through the water.

There were several times in that race when we thought the going was bad as could be, but now we were all sure that this was the worst of all. There was some excuse for Mr. Duncan when he called out: "My God, Tommy, but if she makes one of those low dives again, will she ever come up?"

"I dunno," said Clancy to that. "But don't you worry, if any vessel out of Gloucester'll come up, the 'Johnnie Duncan'll' come up." He was standing then with the water—the clear water, not the swash—well up to his waist, and now and then we could hear him:

"Oh, I love old Ocean's smile,
I love old Ocean's frowning,
I love old Ocean all the while,
My prayer's for death by drowning."

That was too much for Mr. Duncan, and watching his chance he dove between the house and rail to the weather rigging, where the skipper grabbed him and made him fast beside himself. The old man took a look down the slant of the deck and took a fresh hold of the rigging.

"She's down pretty low, isn't she, Captain Blake?"

"Maybe, maybe, Mr. Duncan, but she'll go lower yet before the sail comes off her. This is the day Sam Hollis was going to make me take in sail."

Less than a minute after that we made our rush for the line. Hollis tried to crowd us outside the stake-boat, which was rolling head to wind and sea, worse than a lightship in a surf gale—tried to crowd us out just as an awful squall swooped down. It was the "Johnnie" or the "Withrow" then. We took it full and they didn't, and there is all there is to it. But for a minute it was either vessel's race. At the critical time Sam Hollis didn't have the nerve, and our skipper and Clancy did.

They looked at each other—Maurice and Clancy—and Clancy soaked her—held her to it till we all knew that come what would of it she would have to take all there was of it. It was too much to ask of a vessel. Down she went—buried. It was heaven or the other place, as they say, for awhile. I climbed on to her weather-run, thinking she was never coming back, and it was from there that I saw the "Withrow" duck her head to it—hove-to, in fact—for the blast to pass.

The "Johnnie" weathered it—never stopped her headway, in fact. Able—able—Oh, but she was the able vessel!

Up she rose—a horse—and throwing aft the load of water, across the line she shot, and so close to the judges' boat that we could have jumped aboard.

We all but hit the "Henry Clay Parker," Billie Simms' vessel, on the other side of the line, and it was on her that old Peter, leaping into the air and cracking his heels together, called out as we drove by: "The 'Johnnie Duncan' wins—the able 'Johnnie Duncan'—sailin' across the line on her side and her crew sittin' out on the keel!"

Then we whipped a broom to our truck and sailed up the harbor.

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["In the Crows' Nest," another of James B. Connolly's famous stories of Gloucester fishermen, will be given in the Sunday Magazine of May 29. The story portrays in the author's graphic manner an adventure of the little son of the "Johnnie Duncan's" owner.]

A Song of Bygones.

by Elizabeth Ruggles

O, the drift of the silent years,
And the surge of the restless sea,
And the cry of my heart as it yearns to thee
With the ache of its unshed tears!

O, the song that we loved, the flowers
That we found by the woodland stream,
And the orioles' note and the joy of the dream
That we dreamed in those golden hours!

Was it only a dream to thee
That could pass with the violets' breath,
And the song that we loved but a chant of death
For the love thou had'st vowed to me?

O, the drift of the silent years,
That could bear thee so far from me,
Leaving naught in my heart but a memory
And the ache of its unshed tears!

The Way of a Mule

OLD Uncle Elijah and a slim young negro by the name of Solomon Johnson formed a partnership one year to "make a crop," as the saying goes. The land was leased from a farmer on terms that called for no capital other than a promised share of the garnered sheaves. Uncle Elijah was the opulent possessor of a little, moth-eaten, sway-back mule; a hickory plow was obtained through a shrewd deal of Solomon's; and altogether the first earth was turned under the most favorable auspices.

But at this stage of the enterprise the little, moth-eaten friend of man pointed his stiffening limbs to the setting sun and left his master to figure on the problem of a muleless plow. Uncle Elijah indeed felt much grieved that his beast of burden had "up an' died" at such an inopportune time; but the occasion called for action rather than rumination, and he finally hit upon the brilliant idea of harnessing Solomon to the plow.

He broached the subject to that worthy, and it was received with proper enthusiasm and approval—except in one respect: Uncle Elijah would make the better mule; and he reasoned in a very clear and logical way that inasmuch as he had agreed to do the plowing, and Uncle Elijah had undertaken to furnish the mule, it was incumbent upon the said Uncle Elijah to assume the business end of the plow line.

The old darky was forced to admit the justice of this claim, and the loam was soon rolling from the plow-share behind his heels. The sun was hot and scorching, and after a few furrows had been turned the perspiration was tricking over his anatomy and the plow wabbled in an uncertain zigzag line. Solomon jerked the plow line and addressed him in a caustic "Git up dare. Whut yo' doin', yo' ole sway-back? Git up dare, 'fore I done bre'k yo' neck!"

Uncle Elijah protested; he was not entitled to such treatment. But Solomon apologized.

"Why, Lor', Uncle 'Lijah, yo' done pull dat plow so strong, I just can't recomember yo' ain't a mule fo' shoah!"

There was a certain subtle flattery in the explanation that tended to appease the wrath of the old man. But in a moment Solomon again forgot to "recomember" and launched forth in a tirade of abuse. This time Uncle Elijah did not protest. He bided his time.

Solomon had stooped over to scrape the loam from the plow-share and was in convenient reach. The heels of the old darky flew out like lightning, and the young buck from his stooping posture was lifted into the air and landed prone behind the plow.

"Whut fo' yo' done dat a-way fo'?" remonstrated Solomon.

The old darky approached him sympathetically.

"Why, Lor', chile, yo' done use sich natu'al language I done fergits I warn't a shoah 'nough mule! Dat's jus' a way a mule has er doin'."